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Original Poem.

YES, I REMEMBER WELL, OLD FRIEND.

TO J. T. H., OF NEW YORK.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY T. S. HEMPSTEAD.

Yes, I remember well, old friend!
When Augusta moons were rolling;
Before bird and scenes had become familiar,
How you and I were strolling;
And how we raced to the old tavern's home,
Us evening's balmy breeze;
But now those laughing shoes bear fame,
Those feet have long ere dead to please!
The hazy steeps upon the bank,
The lily by the fountain;
And the piping bowers through leafiness trees,
I Cannot forget, I remember the evenings
With joyous step, oh, light we moved,
Where sparkling rills were purling;
And through the groves our childhood loved,
In pleasing glee were whirling;
And here we met spring-time's fire,
Amidst the sunny pleasure,
And caught upon the sleepy roar,
A glimpse of summer's treasure!
Or the daisy steeps upon the bank,
The lily by the fountain,
Of the piping breeze through leafiness trees,
I remember, I remember the evenings.

I thought how Spring's unsullied morn,
Midst dew-drops found us straying—
Its wonderful lay, on spring's horn,
And knuckles deftly playing;
Yet the fields and the evenings
That whispered secret things;
As had known the burning tears,
That sage experience brings!
Of the daisy steeps upon the bank,
The lily by the fountain,
Of the piping breeze through leafiness trees,
I remember, I remember the evenings.

In thought how Spring's unsullied morn,
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Original Tales.

THE ALTAR ROCK.

A Legend of the Susquehanna.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. JANE ELIZA PERSON.

I was visiting at the house of an old friend, who lives about twenty miles from my locality, on the left and beautiful banks of the Susquehanna, at Creek, a considerable branch of the noble Susquehanna, which flowing from sources in the snowcrown regions of the Alleghanies, and the mountains the whole breadth of Tioga and unites with West Branch near the southern borders of Lycoming county. A few miles from the north line of Lycoming county my friend resided. Pine Creek, a solid and respectable stream, winding its course seven regular hills on either side, which are separated by a valley, or a succession of valleys sometimes wide, and sometimes the stream flows, ashing the feet of the mountains, sometimes on one side, and sometimes on the other, that as it ds shifting the valley to the opposite side. I have traversed dwellers, along its course, are isolated on each other almost every family being obliged cross the creek when visit a neighbor. This is ally accomplished in summer when the water is w, but in spring and autumn, and during the winter except when the creek is frozen, it is difficult dden dangerous. There are no bridges as in reas of hearty rain, and when the waters are swelling, e torrent, the inhabitants are obliged to go South, at it almost fills the valleys, and would sweep away any bridge that could be erected. At such times it is frequently impossible to walk over, pecially when the ice is breaking and going out; generally the inhabitants cross and recross on ones, which even the women manage with great ill and courage. Yet the valleys are some of ere exceedingly beautiful; and the mountains picturesque, and in some instances sublime.

Not far from my friend's residence, on the opposite side of the creek, is one of the most romantic le peaks I ever looked at. The mountain rises lengthy form the water to the height of several ordred feet, and is surrounded by a pillar or dations of rocks, apparently built up an hundred ed which the mountain stands, and connected as the earth itself—I was accosted by an old gentleman, who had been a dweller beside that wild water during many years.

"That is a very presentable bluff, madam," he remarked, "I have seen from its summit in grand, almost appalling. I stood there once then not a my younger days. It is so terrible from the other

It makes me dizzy to look down at the water's ought yet the view up and down the creek, and across the hilly country, is worth the trouble of the ressible ice scenes. The rock is called the Altar connected with that rock built tower. I have not thought of it for years."

"Will you tell it to me?" I asked eagerly. "I am so fond of traditionary legends."

"I do not know as I can recall it in all its details," he said, musingly, "for I have not repeated it. I will try and recollect it, and if you will come and sit with me to-morrow afternoon I will tell you all about it."

Accordingly the next day I called at the old gentleman's house, situated in view of the altar rock, as he said he had named it, I prepared to hear, and be to tell a story of days gone by.

"It was when I was a young man," he commenced, "some forty years ago, that I came up from one of the lower counties to hunt and explore the country at this time. There were then very few settlers along the course; and almost the whole country was one wild forest, and the haunt of famous hunting here then—Elk and deer, bears wolves and panthers in plenty—and I then was swift of foot, sharp of eye, and true of eye. Oh for those joyous days once more.

"Well a few miles farther than the creek there used to be, long before our time, an Indian village. The burial grounds are still remaining. But at that time there were no Indians in this vicinity. Old Peter Hemlock and other famous Indian killers, had cleared them all away. But one pleasant morning I walked quietly along the creek, as I was wont there, looking out for game. I was enticed to see a red skin, standing just above there, where that run shoots so beautifully over the smooth rock into the creek, after wrangling and tossing down the rough ravine between Altar Mountain and its neighbor up the creek. He stood just where you see those beautiful clusters of white flowers drooping from the face of the rough precipice. That very shrub was clinging there then, and its roomy tassels waved slowly over his head, as he leaned with folded arms against the stone base of the mountain. He was a fine specimen of his race, and his countenance, though it bore the expression of profound grief, was noble and commanding.

"I was considering how I should introduce myself to him, when I heard a rustling in the thicket near me, and a wild doe, bounding toward me. Mina sprang from her lurking place, and was soon clasped in her fond dear resting place.

"At length the mother raised her wet eyes to greet her son. 'Henry Montfort!' she cried. 'Oh! is it possible!' It *is* possible! and she sank down, with wide open eyes, and face white as a snow drift. He raised her in his arms, and murmured—

"'Mary—my Mary! my loved, and lost. I sought you, oh! so long and earnestly. How came you here? and she?'

"'She is my child,' gasped Mary; 'she was thirteen years old, the seventh day of June last.'

"'Oh! God, have mercy on me!' he exclaimed, sinking on his knees, and raising his clasped hands towards Heaven. Miss had stood gazing wildly upon the two, as if lost in wonder and delight. Suddenly she uttered a loud wild cry, and flew like a frightened bird. A few moments passed, and then the two, as if lost in wonder and delight. But we sought her in vain. The night came, and with it, storm and darkness. Where was the poor child now? The last night she had been so happy in her fond husband's arms—surrounded by every comfort—anticipating a joyful meeting with her long lost mother, and a life of unclouded sunshine. Now she was alone, in the dark forest—alone and miserable. We sought her all night—calling her from cliff and valley—but the morning came, and brought no tidings of the vanished dove. The mother lay nearly dying within her lodge, the husband ranged the forest shrieking like a mad man.

"Three days the search lasted—and then we found her, lying at the foot of that horrid tower across the trunk of a crooked hemlock that clung to the oversized rock with its serpent-like roots. She was not mangled, but a part of her dress which hung half way up the precipice, attested that she had fallen or thrown herself from thence.

"I wept like a woman, as we bore that beautiful crushed flower to our village. I have never since been called the Terrible.

"The mother of Mina arose from her couch almost as distracted as herself. And the man who had been the husband of her child no one knew whither.

Original Poetry.

TO J. H. S., OF LEWISTOWN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY THE JUNIATA POETESS.

Accept these humble lines, my friend,
Among the memories of the Past,
Of gentle words in kindness breathed,
And smiles no cloud could cancel.

Those memories cherish in the soul,
Their light adorns the heart a-flung,
And looks serene and sweet cause
O'er sprite that by grief are wrung.

And such the memory of that hour,
That our short love I spent with thee;
A lonely gem, a gathered flower—
Beloved by thee alone.

Could my poor songs in one like thee
But hold so much of sweetness bring
That I could make thee sing
The Muse's simple offering.

A Practical Story.

THE WESTERN EMIGRANT.

BY MRS. C. G. MORTON.

"Well, dearest Ella," exclaimed Charles Crosby to his young and lovely bride, a few days after her marriage "do you think you will have courage sufficient to emigrate with me to our western home?"

"Why, dearest Charles, you would have me to be a strong woman, very many privations. The refined society that you have ever been accustomed to must be given up, and if you mingle in any at all must be that of the rude and uncultivated. In our own happy New England home your life has been passed in the midst of cultivation and refinement; when there you will have to bear familiar faces to meet you with the cordial of affection. I alone will be with you."

Ella stood leaning on her husband's arm listening to every word he said with the deepest interest; a tear had gathered in her eye, as he thought she was leaving the happy home of her childhood, and that perhaps forever. Charles continued:

"My love, I wish to hold out no inducements to you but what can be realized. The country you are going to is a beautiful, wild and picturesque region, the land is rich, and I doubt not on a few years we shall make a fortune, and then we will return here and enjoy it."

Ella looked in her husband's face and said, with playfulness:

"Dear Charles, I have determined to go with you East—west—alas, I care not whither, so them art with me, and I with thee.

"Oh where we will, the land is thine,
Those eyes believe me smiling thee,
Through good and ill, through storm and shine
The world's a world of love for me."

Quoin an appropriate quotation, upon my word, Ella," said Charles Crosby, gently taking her wife's hand; "but you believe in it, my love, as much as you would have to enter upon the hardships of a new country."

"Ah! my husband," said Ella, with an imploring look, "do not say so. You do not know your love if you think she cannot undergo a little for your sake."

In a few days Charles and his bride had to bid farewell to their home and friends. Ella left many a pang of parting with her family. As her mother held her to her bosom for the last time she felt as though her heart was breaking; but Charles had promised that she should return in one year, and that was some consolation to her. The land was now ready to push off, so she had to whisper farewell for the last time.

Charles Crosby had entered his five-and-twentieth year. He was possessed of considerable talent and enterprise, and as he had some capital he determined to settle himself in the far west to increase it. He purchased a handsome farm and built a neat little cottage one year before our story opens; he had also married Ella Adelaide, and as he found her family were highly respectable but not wealthy, he had no fear about her being disowned by Charles Crosby, upon account of his connexion so far from quiet home, but when they found the young folks were so cheerfully attached to each other they finally consented.

But travellers had now reached the beautiful Ohio. Charles had cleared a few acres of forest, and possessed—and when they arrived at the majestic Mississippi, the father of waters, her admiration knew no bounds; she was now completely domesticated by nature, and as the moon was at its full, the boat appeared to Ella like a fairy barque gliding over the water. At length after a journey of three weeks they reached their home in the western wilds. At first it presented to Ella a ruined and gloomy aspect. It was night when they arrived, and not a light could be seen glimmering in any direction. The only sound that could be heard in the distance was the constant barking of the faithful watch dog, which made the woods resound with his echoes. In a short time a man appeared whom Charles had left in charge of his place—soon a cheerful fire was blazing on the hearth to dispel the damp, and Ella's gloomy feelings had vanished.

In three or four weeks the cottage was in order. The furniture was plain, but arranged with the strictest regard to neatness. Ella took the management of her household affairs upon herself and attended her dairy, her only female servant she employed in cultivating a garden, raising poultry and various other occupations. Ella took a great delight in rearing flowers, and very soon she had rose-bushes and honey-suckles clambering over the windows, which gave the little white cottage a beautiful appearance. When Charles came home after the toils and labours of the day, his wife would greet him with a smile of love, and sing him a merry, or a soft and soothing lay, accompanied by her guitar, upon which she excelled. At such times Charles would forget his toils.

"I would not exchange my situation of domestic happiness with that of the President of the United States. Heaven has blessed us both with contented minds.

"And I, Charles," said Ella, "would not exchange my humble little cottage for my cousin Lucy's splendid mansion. You know when Lucy married Henry Grandville she was possessed of almost every regards wealth, but there was a certain restlessness about Henry that I never liked, and I fear he has involved himself in a life of pleasure—and I have never happy but when immersed in pleasure. The sweets of domestic bliss she has no conception of, and the pleasure of pleasure—why, I fear, will lead her to pursue a phantom that will ever elude her grasp.

It was now at that charming period of the year when Indian summer makes its appearance. The noble forest trees assumed their autumnal tints, and the refulgent rays of the sun reflected upon them at sunset gave them a resemblance to burnished gold. Charles had built his cottage in the most romantic situation imaginable. A gentle stream wound its course a short distance from the house, which afforded a delightful walk. The spot commanded a view of the most grand and diversified scenery. He would frequently rise before day and commence his work, and sitting on a little pointa before the door, contemplate the beauties of nature till her mind would be lost in wonder and love. At such times Ella would meditate on the goodness of God portrayed in the great volume of nature. Not unfrequently her husband would find her on her knees in broken by some kind-hearted but ignorant neighbor, coming to sympathize with her on her lonely situation, and condole with her.

La! Mrs. Crosby, I don't see how in the world you do to keep up your spirits in this forsaken place.

Now the poor woman had not the faintest idea that Ella's mind could be filled with any thing that she could take any pleasure in reading the dull looking books that composed her library, or that the refined society she had been used to, could ever afford her any pleasure. Ella would tell her that the superintendence of her household affairs and the cultivation of flowers and other amusements, gave her a source of pleasure far greater than she had ever experienced in the gayeties of the gayest society. Ella Crosby had naturally a great taste for intellectual improvement, and her intercourse with the educated and refined had given her a correct taste, and a desire that that very few females possess. Her sentiment had rather a tendency to exalt her understanding and lead her on to higher and purer pleasures, than to subject her to any improvement in intellect with her other accomplishments. Her mind was of that gentle essence she took important a notice of blooms to her cheek and a brighter brilliancy to her eye.

Winter was approaching fast, already had frost and snow made their appearance, yet Ella was cheerful and happy. Although the wild forest around her was presented when she came there was matured and its glory vanished, for all now that met her eye was a forest of leafless trees. To Charles's delight, he so exquisitely touching as the pure devotion of his wife's affection; on all the changing vicissitudes of life she is many years my junior, you will have to enables him to bear up when the storm of adversity threatened to overwhelm him. His home was to him too great for her to make. Charles often regretted the loss of that society for which his wife was so peculiarly qualified to shine. There was a small village a few miles distant that Ella could visit, but to a refined taste the common gossipping that for the most part characterizes such places, and the coarse manners of those who frequented them, were disgusting. The society they generally met with was not calculated to improve the mind, but rather to lead one to forget all that they had ever learned.

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"Quoin an appropriate quotation, upon my word, Ella," said Charles Crosby, gently taking his

A Christmas Hymn.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

[The following noble poem has been generally attributed to Henry W. Longfellow for the last ten years; it is by an anonymous writer in Blackwood's Magazine:]

It was the calm and silent night!
Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had Rome been growing up in might,
And now was queen of land and sea.
No sound was heard of clashing wars now,
Peace ruled o'er the hushed domain;
Again, Pallas, Jove and Mars,
Held in mail each if their ancient reign.
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

'Twas in the calm and silent night!
The Senator o' haughty Rome,
Im. ial or regal his chair, e'e night,
Pass lordly round a drug home!
Triumphs, rich a, gleaming, proud,
His bosome with heights a' le endless sway
What, midst a the Romes what beheld
A paltry province far away,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

Within that province far away
Were shepherds home t weary hour;
A crook of light before him lay,
Pallas though a half-clad native flow
Across his path. He paused, for weight
Told what was going on within:
How here the stars' his only thought,
The air how calm, and cold, and thin,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

O strange indifference!—low and high,
Drowsed over common joys and cares,
The earth was still, but knew not why;
The world was lowering—unaware
How calm a moment may precede
One that shall thrill the world forever!
To that still moment none would heed
Man's doom was indeed, so many to sever,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

It is the calm of solemn night!
A thousand bells ring out, and throw
Their joyous peals abroad, and mate
The darkness—listened and holy now:
The night that ere so chaste had been.
Is it a happy mom e' e gives,
For in that stable lay, new-born,
The peaceful Prince of earth and heaven,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

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☞ JOHN T. ELLIS, of Columbus, Ohio, is no longer agent for this pap r. 49-6t

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Christmas will have come and gone before any that number of the "Post" reaches our subscribers. Even to those who par ne reserve to the ontire observance of this festivity, it is a pleasant time for it brings kind feelings and fond remembrances. In many of the middle and southern States it takes the place which is filled in New England by Thanksgiving day. At the Christmas dinner, the children are accustomed to gather around the board at the old homestead, and renew the days of their infancy when they were next to play on the same ground, but amongst the same set of sports. Probably years may have passed since some of them met—under the between of this world's cares—but as the wind scatters the autumn leaves,—so feel their greeting has an added pleasure from the long separation, and this gathering under the old roof-tree seems almost to make them young again. Perhaps one of the little circle—it may be a wife—has passed to the nefleet it is in a lower and kinder tone than to the rest. But whether the feelings of those who thus assemble are sad, or joyful, or whether and remembrances come on to act at the feast, it is always a happy and genial period full of pleasant memories of the past time, and fruitful of renewed love and kindness in the future.

Then the children! Christmas is a merry season for the little rogues! How earnestly some of them believe in the ministrations of good old Santa Michalaus, who, with his load of presents, slides down chimney to chimney, dropping Christmas gifts into the little stockings hung up below. In the morning, perhaps the earliest daybreak, all the youngsters of the house are up, ransacking their hoards of presents, and filling the house with their happy, but noisy glee. Here a doll's coupe is borne along a wooden trumpet till the cats are fiuished—there a more stately little fellow has mounted a rocking horse, and is riding him at the top of his image—here one is spinning a huge humming top, there another is exercising a cart whip, and is threatening to break every glass in the house with his lash, and a fourth dances to and fro in the entertainment of a friend having just discovered a jumping-Jack, whose legs are jerking about like those of a galvanized log. The little gals have found their garters both, and are all arrayed in the beautifully coloured prints of perhaps they have received in a contest and sat down decisively to nurse a new doll, whom their mother kindly lends in on this amusement, by demanding that they shall praise his gun and the tune he occasionally sings.

"Christmas comes but once a year,
And when it comes it brings good cheer."

And when it comes it brings good cheer.

(At the memory of the slaughtered turkeys and delicate roasted pigs, which, after watch on Christ mas morning by Christmas night are no more. It would surpass our power to tell of the nuts cracked, the apples pared, and the oranges sucked on this Christmas evening, while every one is in such high good humor, and so much laughing and talking is held, that at last people begin to look as sore as one opens his mouth. There are no times like Christmas times. Cannot sleep at night for morning till night! Cannot get little or nothing before confectioners to see Knee Kringle emitted over the artificial clouds from and to and fro to purchase toys or stare at the well filled windows. Then, after dinner, what a stream of promenaders Chestnut street affords! Persons who are never seen there on any other day in the year find time on Christmas afternoon to join the vast tide of people that ebbs and flows in that fashionable street—and what is musical, it very late seems bright and happy, and but for the absence of dear ones gone or forever, one might fancy himself in the midst of an Italian carnival. For one day in the three hundred and sixty-five the dismal an forgets his dollar. That day is Christmas!

We have endeavored to prepare a suitable feast for the occasion, and to "set out" to-day, if not otherwise decisive, is excellent at least in its quality and variety. The original story by Mrs. Peterson, is of a tragic nature, but is well set off by the "Point at Arbanese," which though it may be familiar to some of our readers, will be new to others, and amusing to all. We copy it from a lately published work, which is full of humor, and especially desirable at this festive season. The other articles, on the outside will be found as pleasant as they are varied. We advise you to read all.

On the inside will be found the news of the week, a plentiful potential miscellany, a letter from our Foreign writer, and an excellent abstract of the doings at Washington from our own correspondent there. We also give in another column, an analysis of the Oregon Correspondence, accompanied by a map of the Disputed Territory, which will be consulted and readed in no-no-nothing the re-

latter demands of our own and the British government. The correspondence has been published in full, in the Washington journals, but in so voluminous a shape that it would scarcely out whether people would thought it best, therefore, to give the best summary in another column, and more those who desire to pursue the letters in detail to the Washington Union and other papers.

As appropriate to the season, we re publish the following Christmas verses! Like old friends they are always welcome on this festival.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced through their heads;
And mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap;
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter;
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon, on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below;
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted and called them by name:
"Now Dasher! now Dancer! now, Prancer! now Vixen!
On! Comet, on! Cupid, on! Donder and Blixen—
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now dash away dash away, dash away all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys—and St. Nicholas too.
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I lay in my bed, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes—how they twinkled! his dimples, how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And his beard on his chin was as white as the snow.
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face and a little round belly,
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself,
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night!

BEGINNING LIFE.

Take care how you begin life! Habits of expense once contracted are not easily eradicated; and many a man has been constituted a conspicuous of beginning life in too much style. Extravagance is the fault of the age, and of almost every person arises from a love of display. The great fault with young married people is that they wish to begin where their parents left off. A daughter is used to contented ease, when married, she can move into a home as stylish as her fathers, and if they had a large establishment, she must have her Brussels carpets in here new abide. We see instances of this wealthiest every day. A young female, whose father is a man of "means," marries a gentleman just beginning life, with a small capital perhaps, but his fortune still to make. As her parents have many children, most of her portion notwithstanding her father's opulence, consists in the furniture of her house, which must comprise nearly duplicates of carved cabinet ware, and all the fashionable household adornments of the circle in which she has moved. Moreover she must be waited on by servants, in the style to which she has been accustomed. The most give parties dress expensively and take a summer trip to the Springs. How can her husband expect to get rich? If a very lucky speculation should turn up, he may acquire a fortune, but in three cases out of ten he will become involved and fail and the reason is obvious. His natural expenses started to, and justified by, the style of living possessed of but a small capital, all of which was embarked in business, he has been living in the style of a man of much independence. The result cannot be lasting long.

Now, how did the father, of whom we spoke, begin life? In a neat but small house, where the expenses could be reduced within a moderate limit, and where his good sense taught him that more happiness could be found, considering his narrow means, than in a more showy establishment. The difference between the father-in-law's family displayed in this contrast is not to be wondered at. Both Messrs. and Vancouver, who sailed from the coast for the purpose of exploring it failed to discover an entire double first on 1 ch, the last on 1 20, and these ports possess decidedly the readiness of any on the coast. Captain Gray gave a drawing of his chart to Marlin, at Nootka Sound, and on Vancouver's arrival there Marlin gave him a copy of it, which he afterwards called his own. He refused to enter the river. The attempts to prove that Captain Gray never entered the river, and not on Lieut. Broughton, Mr. Callcom confirms, does not invalidate the claim of the United States—and he proceeds to prove that Gray did enter the river, and that the boundaries of the Columbia long before any British subjects visited those parts, and asserts our clear right to the sovereignty of the mouth and head waters of the river.

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LATER FROM MEXICO.

By the arrival of the U. S. ship John Adams, at Pensacola, we have a fortnight's later intelligence from Mexico and Texas.

The "El Amigo del Pueblo" of the 1st ult., published at the city of Mexico, points out a treaty, about to be made between Mexico and England, for their mutual benefit according to any further negotiations with the United States. According to this paper the administration commits to part with Texas, with the Rio Bravo for its boundary, to reconcile the State Rights and anti-State Rights Clubs, and Santa Anna and Tamaulipas. The paper appeals to the citizens and to the army not to tolerate so iniquitous a treaty. The "El Puebla" also denounces the treaty. While crowds of supporters paraded through their houses and assembled in the "Alameda," and in the "Plaza," they had just settled our treaties for a long winter's nap; when one more loud cry from the people, "Viva Santa Anna!" and "Viva Paredes!" were what were the matter; there is no disguising it now like a flash.

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Office of the South Carolinian, }
Columbia, Dec. 10, 1845. }

SIR—Perceiving an article in your paper of December 1st, 1845, relative to the late difficulty between Mr. John G. Bawman, the editor of the Temperance Advocate, and myself in which you give your version of the affair, I consider it but right for me of you to transfer that distinguished honor to my adversary—who you will perceive by the subjoined notice, is entitled to it. Hoping you will make the correction. I am, sir,

Very respectfully,
A. G. SUMMER.

S. D. Patterson.

SIR—The offensive personalities contained in your editorial notice of this morning leave me no alternative but that which you doubtless contemplated—to request that you will contradict

I have the honor to be,
Yours, &c.
A. G. SUMMER.

Columbia, S. C., Nov. 6, 1845.

SIR—I decline giving you satisfaction in the way you indicate in your message, for various reasons, one of which is that I do not consider it a fair, honorable or satisfactory. I will state a

1. Although I intended to be severe in the article referred to, and justified myself in so doing, yet personal reflections were intended, at least in the sense in which you seem to have understood them.

2. My position, and my responsibilities to my God and to the public, will not permit me to be held responsible for a duel.

Now, here did the father, of whom we spoke, begin life? In a neat but small house, where the expenses could be reduced within a moderate limit, and where his good sense taught him that more happiness could be found, considering his narrow means, than in a more showy establishment. The difference between the father-in-law's family displayed in this contrast is not to be wondered at. Both Messrs. and Vancouver, who sailed from the coast for the purpose of exploring it failed to discover an entire double first on 1 ch, the last on 1 20, and these ports possess decidedly the readiness of any on the coast. Captain Gray gave a drawing of his chart to Marlin, at Nootka Sound, and on Vancouver's arrival there Marlin gave him a copy of it, which he afterwards called his own. He refused to enter the river. The attempts to prove that Captain Gray never entered the river, and not on Lieut. Broughton confirms, does not invalidate the claim of the United States—and he proceeds to prove that Gray did enter the river, and that the boundaries of the Columbia long before any British subjects visited those parts, and asserts our clear right to the sovereignty of the mouth and head waters of the river.

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On Tuesday it seems the captain was unable to make an observation, for he says: "The position of supposed latitude sufficiently set north to stand in the land and make Queen Hooer." He sounded several times during the afternoon and left soundings in that position, and stood on, hoping to see the light of the Cape which is 17 M. distant, but he had calculated to wear ship and stand off shore and while in the act of sounding the vessel struck and immediately came to rest and a half hour after we the making a complete breach over her from stern to stern. The boats was immediately got out, and the crew were safely put into them. The stock was under water and every sea washed over the wreck. The captain never took refuge in the top and remained all night in that humid situation. The next day, Wednesday, the weather was still so rough that they were unable to get to the shore until late in the afternoon.

The crew with much difficulty succeeded in sending down the mizzen top mast, and with it constructed a raft for the purpose of reaching the shore Fortunate in launching the raft, one of the crew in attempting to swim ashore was drowned. The captain and remained all night in that humid situation. The next day, Wednesday, the weather was still so rough that they were unable to get to the shore until late in the afternoon.

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TERRIBLE SHIPWRECK.

The ship Ann Alexander of more than 600 tons, sailed from the sea in ship; are most exposed to the perils which attend their adventurous life. The master and mate, with the boat's crew, left the lake, and when the Atlantic ocean. On Tuesday night was one of those appalling shipwrecks scenes on which we dare close the eyes in the mind of the reader. The barque Emily, of Boothbay, Captain Sarcastic Smith, from Matanzas, Massachusetts, sailed about thirty or forty miles south of Cape Henry having a weaker trumpet till the rate are finished—there a more stately little fellow has mounted a rocking horse, and is riding him at the top of his image—here one is spinning a huge humming top, there another is exercising a cart whip, and is threatening to break every glass in the house with his lash, and a fourth dances to and fro in the entertainment of a friend having just discovered a jumping-Jack, whose legs are jerking about like those of a galvanized log. The little gals have found their garters both, and are all arrayed in the beautifully coloured prints of perhaps they have received in a contest and sat down decisively to nurse a new doll, whom their mother kindly lends in on this amusement, by demanding that they shall praise his gun and the tune he occasionally sings.

GOVERNOR THOMAS.

This gentleman, whose decease has made such a n ise, is exceptionally ill, at his residence, in St. Mary's County, Maryland, and but very faint hopes of his recovery were entertained at the last accounts.

CHOICE CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

On the store of Mr. T. B. Peterson, No. 98 Chestnut street, is now stocked with a choice lot of Christmas and New Year's Books. Those desirous of keeping pace with the times, will find it to their advantage to examine his rich array, comprising Annuals, Periodicals juvenile books entertaining games, &c. Persons in the country, by remitting funds with a accompanying order, will be punctually supplied on the shortest notice by Mr. Peterson. Examine his advertisement.

MAP OF OREGON TERRITORY.

THE OREGON CORRESPONDENCE.

For the above map of "Oregon," we are indebted to our esteemed correspondent of the United States Senate, Mr. Patterson. As this figure is the best and most correct guide to the late difficulty, we have seen, and could not be better done, we transfer it to our own columns. It is the general impression that we have now the best correspondence to date, that Mr. Buchanan has everywhere the letter of the argument.

The correspondence which have brought the dispute to its present position, were communicated in 1818. By the administration of President Madison, when terms of compromise, mutually offered by the two nations, were rejected, and the treaty of 1818 was concluded. In 1819, negotiations were again opened, without any result—and in 1826-7, during the Presidency of Mr. John Quincy Adams, England offered the United States all the Territory south of the Columbia, with the right of free navigation of that river. To which the United States returned an offer of the Territory north of the 49th degree, with the privilege of the navigation of the Columbia. These propositions, not being accepted, were withdrawn, and in 1827 it was determined that the treaty of joint occupation should continue for an indefinite period, when, after a year's notice, one of the two nations should recede from it. On November 15th, 1845, under President Tyler, negotiations were again opened at the instance of the British Government, Mr. Webster being then the U. S. Secretary of State; but nothing of importance took place if the conference held, until Mr. Calhoun succeeded to the office when, on the 23d of August, 1844, a meeting took place between Mr. Pakenham, the British Minister, and Mr. Calhoun—and since that time until January 20th, 1845, the negotiation was actively kept up between them—Mr. Calhoun claiming, as the right of the United States, the whole of the country drained by the Columbia River, and supporting his arguments by showing the title of the United States to rest upon priority of discovery, exploration, occupation, and the cession of treaties; to all of which Mr. Pakenham advanced opposing arguments. On the 23d of September 1844, Mr. Calhoun entered into an able exposition of the claims of the United States. The prior discovery is based upon gentle gales from Captain Gray's drawing of his chart to Marlin, at Nootka Sound, and on Vancouver's arrival there Marlin gave him a copy of it, which he afterwards called his own. He refused to enter the river. The attempts to prove that Captain Gray never entered the river, and not on Lieut. Broughton confirms, does not invalidate the claim of the United States—and he proceeds to prove that Gray did enter the river, and that the boundaries of the Columbia long before any British subjects visited those parts, and asserts our clear right to the sovereignty of the mouth and head waters of the river.

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SALEM COUNTY LYCEUM.

We are glad to see that the neighboring town are encouraging the establishment of Lyceums for amusement and intellectual culture. A very excellent one has been established at Salem, N. J., a village which is the seat of justice of the county, including agricultural districts on our county. The introductory lecture before that Lyceum was delivered by Mr. Ferguson, the candidate for Governor of the United States, from the Salem to the Parker day Concord. He then says: "The limits of nations are fixed by treaties, and not by the claims of the parties. The ranks and fondest treads are permitted to grow and flourish, above and around it. A few years more will close to all the world the vast unoccupied nature, are the only tires to be seen in the country. The whole country is covered with forests from the eye tells upon dilapidated and ancient houses rails and scattered brush wood. The roads leading to it are unbroken and unfrequented, and covered with filth and presenting tonight that is agreeable, but every thing that is offensive to the eye and disgusting to the smell. The whole country is the great national monument whom Congress, nearly fifty years ago, resolved should be erected to the memory of the Father of his Country.

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JUST PUNISHMENT.

The trunk of Asa or Ira Packer, of N. Y., railroad were thrown into collision last week, by the lockandkeeper of the engineers. The latter broke open the trunk and took the contents, although in sight of each other for several miles. Fortunately no one was injured though the two engines were close to parties. The company immediately discharged both the engineers.

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FROM OUR OWN Correspondent.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The Railway Mania and Statistics — A Change in the Planet Mars — Political Economy — Great Trouble Among the Rabbits—Experts of Manufactures in America Confusion —Manufactory—Doubts—Fashions, Nothing New Under the Sun—Miscellany.

Bristol England, November 13, 1845.

Here we are—in the midst of the commencement of a railway panic, which I fear will prove destructive to many a fine fortune, and ruinous to many a family. Railway speculations for the past year have amounted to a perfect furor. Shares of no value have been sold at a premium, and have been sold at high premiums, and many of those have been merely gotten up by adventurers to part the public from their money. The result will be that the object of being bought off by other and more substantial people, who will be content to wait for a good percentage, twice or three other projects would undoubtedly have been started, and the whole railway business, requiring a capital of £44,000,000 Say, on thirty-two days three hundred and fifty millions sterling, would be required to be raised. Now, where is this money to come from? Bank of England notes will not answer the purpose, and the whole affair is about to be turned into ridicule. Among the papers of Mr. James Macpherson, evidence has been found that Lachlan Macinan was the author of Mr. Jamieson's letters. Lord Stanley, the present Secretary of State, and sent out to India in 1776, but was shipwrecked and drowned on the passage home. Mr. Macpherson, in our dark yards, is among the already colossal navy, especially in steam ships. Part of a new steel, and two iron monitors are to be launched from the Chatham dockyard during the present year. Vessels of the same class are to be commenced the month by which it was intended to be finished.

The other establishments are as follows: A new and roomy London store, the basement of which is to be occupied by Messrs. Hoby, the first tailors in the country. The "Times" has been purchased by Mr. Walter, the son of the author of "Compared and Contrasted," and the author of "Lights and Shades of Church Life," and "Lights and Shades of Church Life," and "Lights and Shades of Church Life," and

United States SATURDAY POST.

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Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for our bills.
Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and time paid for.
Removals must always state the Post Office removed *from* as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, and Wisconsin, assisted by *Jas. R. Smith, O. H. Comstock, T. Gardner Smith, J. T. Dent and R. Y. Jennings.*
JOHN NIMMO, Canada, East and West.
JAMES H. STEVENSON and JOHN P. JOHNSON are our agents in Kentucky.
Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS is our Agent for Alabama and Tennessee.
ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for the Southern and South-Western States and Florida, assisted by *James K. Whipple, William H. Weld, O. H. P. Bass, John B. Weld, B. B. Hussey, J. Sexton James, and John Collins.*
THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.
WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.
JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

HOW MONEY MAY BE PAID TO DISTANT PUBLISHERS.

As some difficulties have arisen on the subject of the transmission of subscription moneys to publishers, under the operation of the new Post Office law, we think proper to give the following synopsis of the regulations under which moneys may be paid:

The Post Master where the money (not exceeding ten dollars in amount) is deposited, must give a receipt to the person who deposited it, specifying the object, and the amount deposited. This receipt must be sent to the Publisher, who endorses and presents it to the Post Master where the money is payable.

The Post Master with whom the money is deposited, is also to report the amount paid to him, with the names of the parties, paying the same, and the newspaper or magazine for the payment of which it is deposited, to the Post Master through whom the same is to be paid to the Publisher.

The Post Master sending the receipt to the Publisher, is not authorised to frank said letter, but he may frank the letter containing the acknowledgment of the deposit of money, to the Post Master at the place where the same is payable.

The following is a form of the receipt which may be addressed to the Publisher:

POST OFFICE, *Melton, Pa., September* 15, 1845.
Received from *John Halsey*, two dollars for subscription to the Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post," from which I have deducted one per cent and charged myself with the amount thus paid me in my accounts with the Government. The Post Master at Philadelphia will pay the same to the Publishers, on the presentation of this receipt properly endorsed.
(Signed) JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

By the same mail an acknowledgment similar to the following, is to be sent to the Post Master of Philadelphia:

POST OFFICE, *Melton, Pa., September* 15, 1845.
To the Post Master at Philadelphia:
SIR—I have this day received from *John Halsey*, two dollars for subscription to the Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post," with which I have charged myself in my accounts with Government, agreeably to the Post Office regulations.
(Signed) JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

Subscribers not choosing to avail themselves of the intervention of the Post Office regulation, can transmit, by mail, notes of solvent banks in payment of subscription, to the Publishers direct.

Notices of New Works.

LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE, *for January*, 1846. This number is on our table, lovely as the first flower of Spring. All that the publisher has said in his advertisements of the brilliancy and beauty of his illuminated title-page has been equalled, if not surpassed by the reality! We should think the January number cheaply purchased even if it contained no embellishment but this costly and gorgeous affair. A description of it would be impossible: we can only say that it is a superbly colored fancy design, glowing with blue and crimson and gold. The publisher assures us that it is the most expensive illustration ever got up for a magazine, and when we understood the method by which it was produced, we were satisfied it must be so.

The other embellishments are a fine mezzotint by Sartain, and fashion-plate, the best Mr. P. has ever published. The literary contents of the number are from the first writers in the country. There is, for instance, a powerful story by Mrs Ann S. Stephens, and another by the author of "Conquest and Self Conquest." Mary Davenant has an excellent tale entitled "The Blue-Stocking," Mr. Reid, a thrilling sketch of a "Cobra di Capello," and Ellen Ashton, one of her excellent, practical stories of real life, which she calls "Beauty Asleep." There are two gems of poetry in the number: "Seed-Sowing," by Mrs. Sigourney is one, the other is "On a Dear Friend," by Mrs Stephens. These latter verses are fully equal to the popular song, "The Irish Emigrant's Lament." We advise all, who wish a magazine, to subscribe for "The Ladies' National." It is one dollar cheaper than the other books: viz. $2.00 per annum.

"AUTUMN LESSONS;" OR, THE LEAF, AN EMBLEM OF MAN. *A sermon preached in St. Philip's Church, Philadelphia, Nov. 23d, 1845, by the Rev. Edmund Neville, Rector of the same. Philada: Geo S. Appleton,* 148 *Chesnut Street.* The above is the title of a sermon just published, the text is from the 6th chapter of Isaiah and the 6th verse, "We all do fade as a leaf."

We have just finished reading this sermon, and we strongly recommend it to all classes of Christians and to all who do not profess Christianity. The truths which it enforces concern the whole human race, and all can be benefitted by them. We never have been more edified and delighted with any sermon, not even with those of Fenelon, and they are master pieces of simplicity and pious eloquence.

This "Autumn Lesson" is full of original and lofty thought, combined with pure devotional feelings, and with the most felicitous illustrations of the text. Nothing can be finer in the beginning of the sermon than the manner of contrasting the withered leaf with extreme old age. The same happy mode of contrasting the different stages of the leaf's progress with the corresponding phases of a man's life is continued to the end, and the reader grasps at one view the perfect similitude of the illustrations.

It will be supposed by many, that a subject of this kind, "We all do fade as a leaf," must call forth youthful feelings, that the language would be flowery, and the ideas romantic and enthusiastic. But here is neither romance nor enthusiasm. There is ardor and fervor, but it is the ardor and fervor of a mind deeply impressed with the importance of awakening the heart to a sense of its great danger. Without ardor in pursuing the theme, and without fervor, when great truths are to be unfolded from the "leaf" of the text, the attention of the hearers would not be rivetted to the words of the preacher.

Chaste and beautiful is the style, and noble and dignified are the ideas, and the whole argument is clothed in language so simple, so free from ornament, that the mind, unfettered by oratorical embellishment, is in a suitable condition to be impressed with the magnitude of the danger which surrounds it.

We understand that this sermon was permitted to be published by the solicitation of a number of persons who heard it delivered. We wish that the good Rector of St Philip's Church could be induced to give us a few more of his sermons, for it would be beneficial to the heart to meet with sublime truths conveyed in the tone of such chaste eloquence and fervent piety.

ELINOR WYLLYS; or, THE YOUNG FOLK OF LONGBRIDGE. *Edited by J. Fenimore Cooper.* 2 *vols.* 1845. *T. B. Peterson.* This is the first publication of a lady, whose name is kept a secret by the editor. The novel is a good one for an untried hand, and bears intrinsic evidence that the writer is a woman. We think it will be a favorite with the sex, and cordially recommend it to the perusal of our female subscribers.

PICTORIAL LIFE OF WASHINGTON. 1 *vol. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.* 1845. *T. B. Peterson.* This ought to be a very popular work. It is a short and comprehensive life of Washington, illustrated by engravings from celebrated pictures. We consider it one of the most suitable Christmas Gifts which could be placed in the hands of the young.

CLARA'S AMUSEMENTS. *By Mrs. Anna Bache.* 1 *vol. Philadelphia: G. S. Appleton.* 1845. *T. B. Peterson.* This book is intended for children over five years of age, and is by an author, whose former success, promises much. We like this little volume exceedingly. The embellishments are from designs by Darley, and are therefore, the very best.

LITTLE LESSONS FOR LITTLE LEARNERS, *in words of one syllable. By Mrs. Barwell.* 1 *vol. Philadelphia: G. S. Appleton.* 1845. This is an admirable child's book. The lessons taught are full of practical utility, and are conveyed in the simplest language. The volume has many embellishments.

WANDERING JEW. No. 6. *Illustrated Edition.—Lindsay & Blakiston* continue to have on hand Harper's illustrated "Wandering Jew," as fast as the numbers are published.

☞ They had ice at New Orleans on the 1st instant, skating on the Mississippi at St. Louis, 2d; Ohio frozen over at Wheeling, 9th; Connecticut River frozen over, 11th; thermometer 10° below zero at Quebec, 4th; and 2° below zero at Albany, 11th; Wabash River frozen over at Vincennes, Indiana, 30th November. And on Saturday last, the cold was so intense on the mountains between Wilkesbarre and Nazareth, Pennsylvania, that the thermometer stood at 12° below zero.

Fires.

☞ The Eastport Sentinel says that on Friday night week, the 28th ult., a saw mill belonging to Moses Lincoln, Jr., in Perry, Maine, was entirely consumed by fire. During the night the raising of the tide set the mill in motion, and the fire was caused by the friction of the machinery.

☞ A terrible fire broke out at Bridgeport, Conn., on Thursday week. The night was cold, and the flames spread with great rapidity. A large number of stores near the water were destroyed. The loss is estimated at $150,000, on which there is insurance to the amount of about $80,000.

☞ On Saturday morning a fire broke out in Manchester, Mass., and destroyed the cabinet manufactories of Messrs. Allen & Decker, in the buildings belonging to Captain James Knight and Samuel Adams. Loss supposed to be between five and six thousand dollars.

Local Intelligence.

FUNERAL OF COMMODORE ELLIOTT.—The remains of Com. Jesse D. Elliott were interred with military honors, at the U. S. Naval Asylum, near this city, on Saturday last. The military turned out strong, under the command of General Cadwalader, and with reversed arms, craped flags, and muffled drums, made an imposing display. The body of the deceased, as deposited in the coffin, was in undress uniform, and a small national flag which had been consecrated at Jerusalem when the Commodore was there, was placed on his breast. The coffin was borne to the hearse, and from the hearse to the bier, by American sailors. The hearse at the funeral was drawn by four black horses, and at the head and foot were seamen as carriers, and on the sides were guards of honor. The pall bearers were Commodore Stewart, Captain Magruder, Captain Marston, Captain Burns, Captain Hunter, all of the Navy; and General Roumfort. The Rev. Mr. Greer, the Chaplain at the Navy Yard, officiated at the grave. The order of the procession was as follows:

Military Escort.
Clergy.
Seamen as Carriers.
Guard. COFFIN. Guard.
Seamen as Carriers.
Broad Pendant.
Mourners.
United States Naval Pensioners.
United States Seamen.
Warrant Officers and Assistant Engineers.
Midshipmen.
Masters and Passed Midshipmen.
Medical Officers and Pursers.
Lieutenants of the Army and Marine Corps.
Captains of the Army and Lieutenants of the Navy.
Majors of the Army and Marine Corps, and Commanders of the Navy.
Colonels of the Army and Captains of the Navy.
Officers of the First Division Pennsylvania Militia.
Mayor, Recorder, and Aldermen of the City and County of Philadelphia.
Select and Common Councils.
United States Marshal and High Sheriff of the City and County of Philadelphia.
Judges of the several Courts and Members of the Bar.
Attorney General of the State, and District Attorney of the United States.
Collector and Officers of the Customs.
Seamen of the Merchant Service.
Wardens of the Port of Philadelphia.
Captains of the Merchant Service.
Citizens generally.

The streets through which the funeral passed, were crowded with spectators. The firing at the grave was performed by the Washington Greys, Lieut. Ellmaker, and the National Greys, Captain Fritz.

☞ On Tuesday morning, a son of Mr. William Stephens, No. 268 Lombard Street, aged fourteen, was killed by a runaway horse. He was in company with two other lads, on their way to the Zane Street School. The horse belonged to Mr. Rupp, baker, and had been attached to a wagon used in the delivery of bread. The animal started away from Fifth street below Market, turned around, and passing up Market street soon became disengaged from the wagon; when, at the top of his speed, he ran along the footway on the south side of the street, doing however little damage until he encountered the boys, which resulted so fatally to one of them. A lady very narrowly escaped by retreating against the door of a house, and a letter carrier of the city post-office saved himself by jumping down a cellar-way.

THE IVORY CHRIST.—There is a statue now exhibiting in this city which was brought to the United States by C. Edwards Lester, Esq., late U. S. Consul at Genoa. The statue is that of the Saviour on the Cross. It has been on exhibition in New York, and we had read such extravagant praises of it that we went, expecting to be disappointed. But this ivory Christ comes up, nay! even surpasses all we have heard of it. The expression in the face of the Saviour is beyond description: the spectator sees there strong agony on the brow, but calm and sweet resignation around the mouth, a contrast never before so finely conceived or executed. The statue was cut out of solid ivory by a monk! As a wonder of art, even apart from the deep interest of the subject, it is worthy a visit. The exhibition is at the Masonic Hall.

☞ At the rolling mill of Robbins & Verree, in Penn street, Kensington, on Saturday morning last, the large fly wheel connected with the machinery, weighing several tons, and twenty feet in diameter, flew to pieces while in motion, segments of which were scattered all around the place, some of them fifty and one hundred feet from the locality of the wheel. One large piece passed through the roof and into the adjoining ship yard of Mr. Hammit, striking the jib-boom of the barque Paez, ready to be launched, and breaking it clean off. Mr. Hammit, we learn, was near when it fell. Although the workmen were in the building, yet none of them were injured. The stern of a vessel was also struck by a piece of the wheel and splintered, so as to render it useless.

☞ The Fourth Anniversary of the Philadelphia Sunday School Union, was celebrated on Tuesday evening, at the Central Presbyterian Church. The fourth annual report was read by the Secretary, Mr. J. S. Cummings. From this it appears that the number of schools connected with this Association is 110; the number of teachers 3,639, and the number of children taught in these schools during the last year, 22,569.

☞ A young man fell into the Schuylkill on Saturday last, at Spruce street wharf, and would have perished but for the exertions of a deaf and dumb man, whose name we were unable to learn.

General News.

☞ A horrible instance of cruelty is related in the New Orleans papers, the facts having been brought before the public by a gentleman who resided next to the person accused. The gentleman stated that he lived next to the bakery of Messrs. Mark & Loarpe. That on Thursday, the 27th ult., he heard the groans of a negro boy, called Chatbotte, alias Moustache, belonging to those persons—that the slave received that day upwards of fifty lashes—that groans and cries for mercy were again heard, when the slave received fifty lashes more. On the Saturday night following, he was again whipped. On Sunday night, groans again were heard, when the slave received upwards of one hundred lashes; and on Monday morning early he died and was buried. The deponent further stated that he believed the boy died from severe chastisement. Mr. Mark, it appears, did not live in the bakery, and it was Mr. Loarpe who inflicted the whipping. The latter was immediately arrested by order of the Recorder, and placed in prison. After a post mortem examination by the physician, a verdict was returned that the deceased had come to his death from lockjaw, caused by severe whipping, received at the hands of some persons unknown to the jury. The body bore marks of having been cut with the whip from the neck to the knees. A few months ago an individual was under examination for a similar affair in New Orleans, but we regret to say, it was decided that there was no law to reach the case.

☞ The New Haven Courier announces the decease of ex-Governor Smith of that State. He filled many distinguished positions, and was successively Representative and Speaker of the House of Representatives of the General Assembly of Connecticut, a Representative in Congress, a Judge in the Supreme Court, Lieutenant-Governor and Governor of that State. He, since his retirement from political life, was President of the Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, and the American Bible Society.

☞ A pedlar who was going in his wagon from Three Rivers to Thorndike village, in Palmer, Mass., on Wednesday evening week, was stopped on the road about seven o'clock by three men. One of them knocked him down—another stabbed him three times with a dirk. They then took from his pocket his money, $232, and left him.

☞ There was, at the last advices from Montreal, a considerable excitement growing out of the withdrawal of the government deposits from the Bank of Montreal. We recollect seeing some intimation, a few weeks since, that the Welland canal improvements had been suspended for want of funds. This we believed could not be true; but it appears from the documents before us that the Bank of Montreal had been in the practice of allowing contractors to draw in advance on its braches in Canada West. This appears to have been attended with much inconvenience in the settlement of accounts, and the permission was withdrawn. Subsequently an order in council was issued, dated November 15th, directing public officers to make their deposits in other banks than the Bank of Montreal, naming such banks.

☞ The Winston (Miss.) Banner states that between 3,000 and 4,000 Choctaws were to have left that State about the last of November, under the Superintendent of Removal, for their new home in the West. The condition of affairs in the Choctaw Nation is represented as being quite prosperous. There are now four female boarding schools, sustained principally by the public funds of the Nation, but under the care and instruction of the missionaries. These and other schools contain 250 pupils. There are also various Sabbath Schools taught by Choctaw teachers, embracing six or seven hundred adults and children.

Our City Lectures.

MR. HILLIARD'S LECTURE.

The Lecture of Geo. S. Hilliard, Esq., of Boston, before the Mercantile Library, on Tuesday evening, was on the "Connexion between Geography and History."

Mr. H. began by stating that Geography, in itself, was a dry study, but viewed in connexion with man, it became of the greatest importance. Mr. H. regarded commerce as the great civilizer and peace-maker of the world. It trained the brain, and the hand and the eye—it made a man quick-witted—sailors were more expert and quick than most men, their lives being exposed to continual danger. The Ocean, too, had its effect upon literature, (the literature of Germany and England were here compared.)

The lecturer glanced at the geography of Africa, its few rivers and bays for so great an extent of coast, Egypt being the chief country, and possessing the chief river; Asia, with its vast and various countries, watered by long rivers and intersected by lofty ranges of mountains, the most maritime countries, such as India, China, &c., furnishing the only historical records, the Tartar of the interior being but a reproduction of the ancient Scythian and the Arab nations, which had produced the Arabic numerals, and the "Arabian Nights Entertainments," so justly celebrated in amusing literature; Europe, with her inland seas, which penetrated further, and by which she was deeply embayed than any other portion of the globe, thus naturally producing commerce. Was it to be wondered at, that Peter the Great saw the necessity of connecting his empire to the rest of Europe by commerce? He founded, with that view, his capital on a marsh—he had to contend against nature, but he contended with an iron perseverance—an iron will—and the building of St. Petersburg cost the lives of 100,000 men. That city was built as it were, on a saturated sponge, and it was said that some day or other, it would be made into a sop.

Turning from the sea to the interior of continents, Mr. H. remarked upon the chains of lofty mountains, their effect in producing home feelings and attachment to country on the mind—instancing the Swiss, when he heard his native airs in a foreign land—he who had passed his life among the great mountains—he who felt nothing low, but whose imagination was filled with their majestic forms—and whose sentiments might be supposed akin to those of the Royal Psalmist, when he exclaimed: "As the mountains surrounded Jerusalem, so is the Lord encompassed round about his people, henceforth and forever!" We could conceive the influence and effect of mountain scenery on the mind of man—with their lofty and ever snowy peaks piercing the azure sky, their rugged rocks, their green slopes—the fountain of spiritual beauty which fell on them in the moonlight.

The sentiments of Rob Roy were quoted in support of this sentiment; also the remarks of Sir Walter Scott to Washington Irving, who had not admired the mountain scenery of Scotland with as much enthusiasm as had been anticipated—Scott said: "It may be pertinacity, but in my eye, these grey hills have beauties peculiar to themselves. I like the nakedness of the land; it has something bold, stern and solitary." The bard then observed that when he went to Edinburg, he longed to return to his native hills, concluding with: "I should die if I did not see them;" at the same time he brought his staff (said Irving) with a hearty thump upon the ground, as if to show the enthusiasm with which he spoke.

The defences formed to a country by mountains were next considered. England had been conquered by the Saxons and the Danes, but Wales and Scotland only by overpowering numbers, the mountainous parts of Spain had rolled back the tide of Moorish conquest. Koordistan had protected the Nestorian Christians in its fastness. Abdel Kader, in whose veins ran the true heroic blood of an Aristomenes, a Tell, a Wallace, a Hofer, resisted invasion in the mountain retreats of Atlas. Even Bonaparte received a check at the Pyrenees, &c. The influence of mountains in supplying water and rivers, were also dwelt upon.

Egypt, the "gift of Nile," which owed so much to her geography—Greece, full of bays and indentations in her long sea-coast—Italy—England, whose greatness sprung from her insular position, her naval and commercial marine, her coal and iron feeding her vast steam-machinery and manufactures, and which had enabled her to oppose with success, even the colossal power of Napoleon; and lastly, Mr. H. drew a vivid and glowing picture of the advantages of our own country—her long rivers, her hills, her forests, her mines, her boundless prospects in the future; saying that no one could look forward to the future of this highly favored zone, with her fertile lands and her azure skies without feeling a deep and overpowering interest—her minerals more valuable than the gems of Golconda or the gold of Peru.

What patriot heart would not offer up an aspiration that man might never mar what God had made so glorious!

Mr. H. condemned all complaints that the Union could ever be separated; and he likewise condemned all attempts to produce war between this country and England in relation to Oregon, a question that could and ought to be settled by negotiation. War was the greatest of follies and the greatest of crimes. In the horoscope of the Union, there were two great Houses—the House of Fear and the House of Hope—but he would not for a moment dwell upon that of fear; but he would remind his hearers that sin alone could make a nation weak.

In concluding his address, Mr. Hilliard referred to the celebrated signal cry of Admiral Lord Nelson as circulated through the British fleet entrusted to his command on the morning of the memorable battle of Trafalgar—"England expects every man to do his duty!" The same sentiment should be adopted by every American as regards our own country, and wherever the national flag was seen to wave its beauteous star spangled folds, whether on land or sea, let it never be forgotten, that America also "expects that every man will do his duty."

Miscellaneous News.

☞ The Cincinnati Union of the 10th instant, mentions the arrest in that city, of an Italian named Benero, on a charge of having committed the Market street murder at Philadelphia, in August, 1843. A requisition is on file from the Governor of Pennsylvania, for the murderer, who has now confessed to the act, (but declares he did it in self defence,) and who arrived in Cincinnati in August, but escaped arrest at that time, and fled to Canada. He was to be sent to Philadelphia in custody of an officer at an early day.

☞ The next Congressional election in the ninth district, Mass., comes off on the 29th inst. It is to be hoped that the people of the Old Bay State will succeed some time or other in electing representatives.

☞ Mrs. J. Brown, wife of one of the pilots, with her child in her arms, jumped into the Bayou at the Balize, on the 29th ult., and they were both drowned. Their bodies were recovered on the same day.

☞ A Mr. Thorpe, of Parkersburg, Va., and a stranger in the city, was knocked down in broad daylight, a few days since, on Columbia street, Cincinnati, and robbed of $254.

☞ Mr. Galliardet, editor of the *Courier des etats Unis*, when he first arrived in this country, in consequence of commercial misfortunes, became insolvent, and was declared a bankrupt by his Parisian creditors. He has earned enough to pay all his debts, and since his return to Paris has discharged his obligations, and had the order of Court, declaring him a bankrupt, reversed.

☞ The Boston Traveller states that the contractors for several sections of the Gloucester Railroad, discontinued work on Sunday week, taking away all their tools, and leaving two or three hundred laborers, and sundry citizens of Beverly and Gloucester, minus to the sum of something like $3,000. The Irish laborers, it is said, are in a very destitute condition.

TRIAL OF SPEED.—An experimental trip was made on Wednesday week, from Norfolk to Hampton Roads, by the U. S. steamers Water Witch and Engineer the former with Loper's propeller, and the latter with perpendicular wheels. The Engineer distanced the Water Witch about a mile; but when lashed stern to stern, the Water Witch towed the Engineer.

☞ A Mr. B. Holmes, of Dallas county, Ala., shot Mrs. McKeene, daughter of Major J. C. K. Pool, with a revolving pistol, about a week ago, and then shot himself. The deed was done at the house of Mrs. McKeene's brother-in-law, in Dallas, and in his parlor. Unrequited love is said to have been the cause, and the affair has produced much excitement.

☞ The Albany train of cars, which left Boston at 10 o'clock on Friday week, was detained at West Newton in consequence of the locomotive freezing up. The water in the pipes which lead from the tanks to the boiler, congealed while the train was stopping at West Newton for passengers.

☞ A flock of sheep, numbering some 800, belonging to a drover at Rome, New York, scared by a locomotive, ran upon the ice of a sluice way. The ice gave way, and the whole flock were buried in the water. Before they were got out, some 300 of them were drowned.

☞ Mr. William B. Willis, of New York, who some time since recovered $1,000 damages for injury sustained on the Harlem Railroad, obtained a verdict, a few days ago, for $1,840, the first trial having been set aside on motion of the defendant.

☞ The Rev. Benjamin Bidlack died at Kingston, Luzerne County, Pa., on the 27th ult. He was among the first settlers of Wyoming, served his country in the field during the Revolution, and subsequently became a minister of the gospel.

☞ There has been a flare up between the Cadets at Columbia, S. C., and their superintendent, which resulted in the expulsion of sixteen. The Board of Visitors, however, replaced all of them but one, L. T. Brown.

The Markets.

SALES OF STOCKS.

1200 shares	Wilmington R. R.	31¼a21
550 do.	Reading R. R.	26¼a27
120 do.	Girard Bank	8¼a8¾
20 do.	Union Bank, Tenn	56¼
14 do.	Pennsylvania Bank,	259
7 do.	Schuylkill Bank,	9¼
5 do.	Far. and Mec. Bank,	45
$716 67	County 5's, 1880, cash,	94
$15,000	State 5's, cash,	71¼a71½
$1100	Texas Notes, 10's,	25
$7000	State 5's, 5d,	71¼
$130	Texas Notes, 10's,	26
$20,000	State 5's, cash,	71a71¼
$300	Texas Notes,	23
$200	Chesa. & Del. Canal 6's,	82
$10,000	State 5's, 5d,	71¼
$500	State 5's,	70¾
$500	do.	70
$250	Reading R. R. cash,	26¼a26¾
$15,500	State 5's,	70a70¼
$1000	Pittsburg 6's, b5,	96

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

Remarks—By our report below it will appear there is only a limited amount of business going on, operators in bread stuffs being anxious to hear further news from England, and in all probability little will be done until the next steamer arrives. Our navigation is now entirely unobstructed and free from ice, several vessels having left without the aid of steam, and several also have arrived, among which are two from New Orleans with cargoes of sugar and molasses.

Ashes—We find no change. *Bark* is without inquiry, and 1st No. 1 quercitron, nominal at $20. *Coffee*—The market continues bare of all kinds; with a good demand from the trade, at full prices; we notice sales of 1000 bags, at 7¾a8c for Laguayra and Rio on the usual credit. *Cotton*—There has been a moderate amount of business done during the last three days, and holders generally are getting more firm in their views, owing to the smallness of the stock now here and expected, and the high rates ruling at the southern ports. Transactions comprise about 450 bales, at 8a8½c for middling fair to fair uplands, and 8¼a9c for New Orleans, on the usual terms. *Feathers*—Sales of western at 28a30c, cash and 4 mos. *Fruit*—There is but little doing, and no changes. *Fish*—The market for mackerel is very quiet, and sales are only in a retail way at steady prices. *Flour and Meal*—The market has been without animation, and the sales for export do not exceed 1500a2000 bbls standard brands taken at $6, at which rate holders are firm; although there is but a limited inquiry for shipment, there is no disposition to make any abatement in prices. Sales to a limited extent for city use at $6a6.50, as in quality. Rye Flour—There is not much doing, and holders ask $4,75. Corn Meal—The large sales at the close of last week nearly cleared the market, and holders are now more firm. We quote Pa. at $3,68¾. *Grain*—There are no arrivals, and the demand for wheat is also quite limited. The only sale we are advised of is 3000 bus prime Penna. red taken in store at 128c for grinding. Rye—There is little or nothing doing; we quote Pa. at 80a82c, and southern 78c. Corn in moderate request. 1000 bus. old Pa. flat at 75c in store, and new southern yellow would, if here, bring 68a70c. Oats—Southern may be quoted 42a43c. *Freights*—Two ships have been taken up to load flour for Liverpool at 4 shillings sterling per bbl. *Hemp*—Stocks very light, and holders firm. *Hides*—We have no sales reported. *Lead*—A sale of 1000 pigs was made at equal to $4,75 cash, and a like quantity offered at the same rate. *Molasses*—No transactions have transpired. *Naval Stores* and *Oils* steady, with moderate sales. *Plaster*—Sales at $3,12½. *Provisions*—Little or nothing doing in barrelled meats and bacon, and prices without variation. Lard—Steady at 8a8½c for western, and 9c for Jersey. Butter—Brisk at 12a14c for tubs, and 16a18c for roll. Cheese—Steady at 8a8½c. Rice—Firm with moderate sales at 5a5½c. *Seeds*—The market for cloverseed steady at $6a6¼ for fair and prime quality; flaxseed brings 130a135c. *Sugar*—There is a better feeling in the market, with more inquiry from the trade, about 300 hhds N. Orleans, old, changed hands at 6¼a6½c, 4a6 months, 750 hhds new crop have just arrived, we also notice a sale of 100 boxes Matanzas brown at 7¼c, on time. *Wool*—Several lots common and quarter blood sold at 27a28c cash and time. *Whiskey* is dull; we quote hhds 28c, bbls none in market, last sales 29c.

CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia.—At market, 1050 head of beef cattle, including 250 taken to N. York, and 60 remaining unsold, 1510 cows and calves; 600 swine and 900 sheep. Prices—Beef Cattle—The market was rather dull, and prices obtained were $4,50a6 per 100 lbs. Cows and Calves—Sold at from $15 to 25 for fresh cows, $10 to 18 for springers, and $5 to 19 for dry cows. Swine—Sales were effected at $5a5,75. Sheep—At from $1,75a3.

Baltimore, Dec. 12.—Beef Cattle—The offerings at the scales comprised 1300 head, of which 500 remained over unsold, and the balance, amounting to 800 head, found purchasers at $1,50 to 2,75 per 100 lbs on the hoof, equal to $3a5,25 nett. A few extra brought $3. The average rate of sales is about $2,12½. Hogs—In the early part of the week there was a brisk demand for live hogs, and sales to a fair extent were made at $5,25 to sisters, and for smaller and choice lots ranging to $5,25.

Richmond, Dec. 11.—For cattle from the scales, gross weight, $2,00a2,50; nett $4,00a5, according to quality. A choice lot of cattle has been sold at $6. Mutton—$2a3, according to quality. Hogs—$5¼ per 100 wholesale, $6 at retail.

NEW COUNTERFEITS.

Spurious $5 bills of the Middlesex county Bank, Conn., and 5's on the Cranston Banks are in circulation in Providence.

DIVIDENDS.

The Eastern Railroad has declared a dividend of four per cent., and the Portland and Saco Railroad three per cent.

SMALL POX generally begins with langour and weariness, chilliness and vomiting, soreness of the throat, great thirst, and many other unpleasant complaints.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills will be found the very best medicine in the world for the cure of Small Pox, because they cleanse the body from those poisonous humors which are the cause not only of Small Pox and other eruptive complaints, but of every malady incident to man. From three to six of said Indian Vegetable Pills, taken every night on going to bed, will in a short time not only make a perfect cure of the above dangerous complaint, but the blood and other fluids will be restored to such a state of purity as to utterly prevent inflammation of the eyes, consumption, and other incurable complaints, which usually follow an imperfect cure of Small Pox.

Said Indian Vegetable Pills also aid and improve digestion, and therefore give health and vigor to the whole frame, as well as drive disease of every name from the body.

It should also be remembered that a man by the name of Wm. M. Spear, who sells medicine purporting to be Indian Pills, at the corner of Race and Front streets, is not an agent of mine, neither can I guarantee as genuine any that he has for sale.

The public are also informed that medicine purporting to be improved Indian Pills, made by one G. B. Smith, and sold about the country by different persons, are not the genuine Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.

The only security against imposition is to purchase from authorised agents only, or at the office and general depot, No. 169 RACE Street, Philadelphia, or at the offices, No. 198 Tremont street, Boston, and No. 288 Greenwich street, New York. WILLIAM WRIGHT.

ONLY GIVE IT A FAIR TRIAL.—We ask no more of any one, than to give DR. JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT a fair trial, and if it does not cure the various diseases for which it is recommended, sooner and more effectually than any other medicine that has ever been offered to the public, the proprietor is willing to undergo any penalty, however severe the public may see proper to impose upon him. It will cure Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Bleeding from the Lungs or Throat, Whooping Cough, Croup, and a very large majority of the most hopeless cases of CONSUMPTION, when physicians and their prescriptions fail to do any good. Again we say, only try it. It will not harm you, but it must and will do you good. Prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE, No. 8 South 3d street, Philada.

RHEUMATISM, GOUT, AND TIC DOULOUREUX.—A respectable gentleman called at our office, as he said, to inform us that he had been afflicted for fifteen years with Rheumatism or Gout, and occasionally with Tic Douloureux; that he has been frequently confined to his room for months together, and often suffered the most intense and excruciating pains, but lately he had been using DR. JAYNE'S ALTERATIVE, from which he found the most signal and unexpected relief. He says he found the medicine very pleasant and effective, and that he now considers himself thoroughly cured.—*Spirit of the Times.* dec 20-3t

OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

Receipts for the Saturday Evening Post from the 18th November to the 2d December.

[illegible]

HEALTH OFFICE, DECEMBER 13, 1845.

INTERMENTS

In the city of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township and Kensington, From the 6th to the 13th December.

[illegible]

Of the above there were from the almshouse, and 9 people of color, which are included in the total amount. By order of the Board of Health.
SAMUEL F. MARKS, Clerk.

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

[illegible]

ALMANAC.

Dec. 1845.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES
20 SATURDAY,	7 25	4 35	1 51	
21 SUNDAY,	7 25	4 35	3 36	D. H. M.
22 MONDAY,	7 25	4 35	7 31	
23 TUESDAY,	7 25	4 35	8 40	
24 WEDNESDAY,	7 25	4 35	10 1	First 5 9 51
25 THURSDAY,	7 25	4 35	11 15	Full 13 1 42
26 FRIDAY,	7 25	4 35	12 19	Last 21 6 26
27 SATURDAY,	7 25	4 35	1 13	New 28 5 51

Married,

On Tuesday evening, the 16th inst. by the Rev. Edmund Neville, Rector of St. Philip's Church ALBERT B. FORRING, to MARTHA M. MOTT, all of this city.
On the 16th inst. by the Rev. M. Searle, HENRY C. OLIVER, to ALMIRA R. eldest daughter of F. S. Parkinson, all of this city.
At Saint Philip's Church, on the 17th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Trapnell, OREN A. BALLOU, of Woonsocket, R. I. to SOPHIA A. HARRINGTON, of this city.
In Frederick city, on the 10th inst. by the Rev. Doctor Zacharias, the Rev. Dr. PHILIP SCHAF, Professor in the Theological Seminary of the German Reformed Church, in Mercersburg, Pa. to Miss MARY, eldest daughter of David Schley, Esq. of the former place.
On the 16th inst. by the Right Rev. Bishop Kenrick, JOHN B. COLAHAN, to Miss MARY D. daughter of Thos. Zell.
On the 16th inst. by the Rev. R. Newton, JAMES W. SAGERS, to SALLIE KEENER, both of this city.
At Holmesburg, Pa. on the 16th inst. by the Rev. F. W. Beasley, in Emanuel Chapel, the Pastor, the Rev. WM. H. BOURNE, to Miss FRANCES B. CHAPMAN, daughter of the late John W. Chapman.
On the 7th inst. by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. ASHER CLAYTON, to Miss ELIZABETH FOUNCE, both of Kensington.
On the 16th inst. at Fontenay, near Germantown, by the Rev. John Rodney, THOS. MCKEE, of Philadelphia, to CAROLINE, daughter of Dr. Joseph Martin.
On the 16th inst. by the Rev. Geo. B. Ide, Mr. HENRY B. FAIRMAN, to Miss MARY A. HOOD, all of this city.
On the 15th instant, by the Rev. John S. Taylor, Mr. BENJ. F. DAY, to Miss LOUISA C. HINES, all of Southwark.
On the 27th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Nichols, Mr. JOHN PATTERSON, to Miss SARAH RUSHTON, both of this city.
On the 15th inst. by the Rev. Geo. Higgins, Mr. WM. A. POPE, of New York, to Miss MARGARET PLUMMER, of this city.
On the 15th of Sept. by the Rev. John L. Grant, SAML. R. BLAIR, to Miss SUSANNA W. daughter of the late Capt. Alex. Summers, all of this city.
On the 11th instant, by the Rev. T. L. Janeway, GEO. FRICKE, to Miss MARY E. daughter of Joseph T. McMullin.
On the 10th instant, by the Rev. Wm. Latta, FRANCIS SQUIRE, to Miss HETTY, daughter of the late Benjamin Evans, of Great Valley, Chester county, Pa.

Died,

On the 15th inst. ELIZABETH CALLENDAR, daughter of J. Andrews, Esq. and wife of the Rev. N. S. Harris.
On the 6th inst. the Right Rev. WM. MILLER, in the 71st year of his age.
On the 15th inst. DAVID HOOVER, in the 70th year of his age.
On the 15th inst. ELIZABETH PAUL, daughter of Jos. and Isabella Dubois, aged 3 years.
On the 15th inst. SAML. R. OSLER, in the 32d year of his age.
On the 14th inst. SAMUEL WOODWARD, infant son of Henry and Catherine Franks, aged 13 months and 5 days.
On the 14th instant, Mrs. MARY T. STEVENS, wife of Chas. W. Stevens, in her 29th year.
On the 14th inst. Mr. ISAAC PORTER, in the 50th year of his age.
On the 13th instant, in the 77th year of his age, WM. MILNOR, late of this city.
At Albany, N. Y. on the 3d inst. in the 21st year of her age, MARY B. FALCONER, daughter of the late Wm. Falconer, of the city of New York.
Near Valley Forge, Montgomery county, on the 14th inst. JOSEPH PASTORIUS, aged 52 years.
On the 13th inst. WM. CHAUNCEY, infant son of Wm. F. and Ann S. Murphy.
On the 13th instant, Miss JULIAN HUBERT, in her 49th year.
On the 11th inst. ANNIE, infant daughter of Joseph S. and Sarah Burnet.
On the 11th inst. HARRIET DAVIS, daughter of Saml. B. and Eleanor Brooks, in the 4th year of her age.
On the 12th inst. Col. ROBERT W. DUNLAP, aged 52 years.
On the 12th inst. Mrs. ELIZABETH KNOX, in the 73d year of her age.
On the 13th inst. Mr. JOHN B. SEWELL, late Deputy of the Register of Wills Office, in the 66th year of his age.
On the 13th inst. RICHARD YOUNG, aged 25 years.
On the 13th inst. Miss JULIA A. HUBBERT, in her 49th year.
On the 12th inst. in the 27th year of her age, Mrs. Susan F. WILES, wife of Edward Wiles.
On the 13th inst. Mrs. ELIZABETH, wife of Mr. Joseph Griner, Jr. in the 34th year of her age.
At Peru, Lasalle county, Illinois, 27th ult. LOUISA TILLER, daughter of Chas. J. and Mary J. Dawes, aged 1 year, 8 months and 3 days, late of Philada.
At his residence, in West Stockbridge, on the 23d ult. CHRISTOPHER FRENCH, in the 94th year of his age. He was a soldier of the Revolution, and was receiving a quarter pension.

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY R. JOHNSTON & CO., BROKERS.
No. 11 South Third Street.
Philadelphia, December 20, 1845.

PENNSYLVANIA.		**VERMONT.**	
Philadelphia banks	par	Bank of St. Albans	1½ dis
U. S. Bank notes	25 dis	All solvent banks	½ dis
Girard do.	par	**CONNECTICUT.**	
Chambersburg	½ dis	All solvent banks	½ dis
York	½ dis	**MASSACHUSETTS.**	
Berks county	85 dis	All solvent banks	½ dis
Gettysburg	½ dis	**RHODE ISLAND.**	
Carlisle	½ dis	Pascoag Bank	10 dis
Lewistown	1½ dis	All solvent banks	½ dis
Brownsville	1½ dis	**CANADA.**	
Pittsburg	1½ dis	Montreal	4 dis
Waynesburg	1½ dis	**VIRGINIA.**	
Washington	1½ dis	Bk. of Va. & branches	½ dis
Erie	1½ dis	Far. Bk. and branch's	½ dis
Susquehanna county	1½ dis	Valley Bk. & branch	½ dis
Lebanon	½ dis	Ex. Bk. & branches	½ dis
Lehigh county bank	½ dis	Wheeling	1½ dis
Towanda	—	**NORTH CAROLINA.**	
Honesdale	1½ dis	All solvent banks	1½ dis
Harrisburg	½ dis	Small notes	2 dis
West Branch	1½ dis	**SOUTH CAROLINA.**	
Wyoming	1½ dis	So. West. R. R.	1½ dis
Middletown	1 dis	All solvent banks	1½ dis
Northampton	—	Small notes	2 dis
Pottsville	½ dis	**GEORGIA.**	
Relief notes	1½ dis	Bank of St. Mary's	2 dis
NEW JERSEY.		Central Bank of Mill	2 dis
Trenton, M't Holly, Bridgeton, Salem, Camden, Medford	par	Georgia R. R. Co.	2 dis
Plainfield	1 dis	Ruckersville Bkg. Co.	2 dis
Newark, Newtown, Patterson, Morristown, New Brunswick, Middletown Point, Orange, Belvidere, Elizabethtown, Dover, Rawway, P'rth Amboy	½ dis	All solvent banks	2 dis
		Small notes	2 dis
		ALABAMA.	
		Bank of Mobile	2 dis
		Country Banks	5a6 dis
		MISSISSIPPI.	
		All banks	unc
N. Hope, Del. Bridge	½ dis	**LOUISIANA.**	
Yard. Del. Bridge co.	10 dis	All solvent banks	½ dis
DELAWARE.		**FLORIDA.**	
All solvent banks	par	So. Life & Trust Co.	—
MARYLAND.		**OHIO.**	
Baltimore banks	½ dis	Com. Bk. of Scioto	15 dis
Mineral bank	1 dis	All solvent banks	1½ dis
Salisbury	2½ dis	Small Notes	3 dis
Frederick county	½ dis	**KENTUCKY.**	
Cumberland	1 dis	Notes	1½ dis
Washington county	½ dis	Small notes	2 dis
Hagerstown	½ dis	**INDIANA.**	
Far and Millers bk.	—	State Bank	1½ dis
DIS'T OF COLUMBIA.		**ILLINOIS.**	
All solvent banks	½ dis	Bank of Illinois	75 dis
NEW YORK.		State Bank	70 dis
City banks	½ dis	Bank of Cairo	—
Com. Bank, N. Y.	2 dis	**MISSOURI.**	
Bank of Lyons,	2 dis	All solvent banks	1½ dis
Tonawanda	50 dis	**TENNESSEE.**	
Clinton county	2 dis	All solvent banks	2½ dis
Com. Bk. Buffalo	2 dis	**MICHIGAN.**	
Com. Bk. Oswego	2 dis	Bank of St. Clair	70 dis
Oswego Bank	30 dis	Farmers' and Mech's	70 dis
Millers', Clyde	15 dis	**ARKANSAS.**	
Country banks	½ dis	All banks	60 dis
MAINE.		**WISCONSIN.**	
All solvent banks	½ dis	Mineral Point	—
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		Bank of Milwaukie	—
All solvent banks	½ dis	**IOWA.**	
		Miners' Bank	—

SPLENDID BOOKS FOR PRESENTS.—Purchasers in quest of Presents for the coming season will find a very large and varied assortment of splendidly bound and elegantly illustrated Works at APPLETON'S BOOK STORE, No. 148 CHESNUT Street, below Seventh.
All the Annuals and New Books of the season are constantly being received, which, together with the elegant editions of the New Standard Prayer Book, Oxford Bibles, Standard Works, Beautiful Editions of the Poets, &c., form a point of attraction unequalled in the city.
G. S. A. has just published—
Nature's Gems, or American Wild Flowers in their Native Haunts, by Mrs. Embury. 4to, 2d edition, with splendidly colored plates, $6,00.
Christmas Carols, most gorgeously illuminated in the missal style, elegantly bound, $6,00; Antique Morocco, $10.
The Rose, or Affection's Gift, for 1846, edited by Emily Marshall. With ten beautiful plates, richly bound in morocco, gilt, $1,25. The cheapest and prettiest small Annual published.
Juvenile Books in the greatest variety. 1t

PETERSON'S PERIODICAL ESTABLISHMENT is at No. 98 Chesnut street, Philadelphia, where "Graham's Magazine," "Godey's Lady's Book," The "Ladies' National Magazine," and all the "Magazines" and CHEAP PUBLICATIONS can be ordered or obtained. Orders addressed, post paid, to T. B. PETERSON, *No. 98 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia*, will meet with prompt attention.

DR. JAYNE'S ALTERATIVE.
WE HAVE BEEN INFORMED BY MRS. Rose, of a cure performed on her by Doctor JAYNE'S ALTERATIVE, which proves its superiority over every other remedy of the kind. She has been afflicted for the last sixteen years with NECROSIS or WHITE SWELLINGS, attended with ulcerations and exfoliation of various bones, during which time many pieces have been discharged from the frontal bone of the cranium, from both her arms, wrists and hands, and from both legs, and from the left femoral bone, and from the right knee, besides painful ulcers on other parts of her person, which have baffled the skill of a number of the most eminent physicians of our city—during most of the time her sufferings have been most excruciating and deplorable. About three months since she was induced to try Doctor JAYNE'S ALTERATIVE, which has had an astonishingly happy effect upon her, by removing all pain and swellings, and causing the ulcers to heal, while at the same time her general health has become completely restored, so that she now weighs some 25 lbs. more than she did before she commenced the use of this truly valuable preparation.—*Native Eagle.* Prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne, No. 8 South 3d street, Phila. [dec 6-3t

50 TRAVELLING MAP AGENTS WANTED.
THE SUBSCRIBER WISHES TO ENGAGE in the sale of his MAPS, and publications a number of young or middle aged men of strictly moral and industrious habits. A capital of from $100 to $300 will be necessary, and a certain district of country will be assigned to each Agent. Testimonials of character will be required. The following are the principal works to be circulated. Large Map of the World; Large County and Township Map of the United States, National Map of the United States; Map of the Western States, colored in counties; Map of the State of New York; Tanner Universal Atlas, 72 Maps, greatly improved edition; Atlas of History for the use of schools and families. Also a large variety of Pocket Maps.
A constant supply of Maps will be kept at Cincinnati, Ohio, for the convenience of Agents doing business at the Western, and South-Western States. Prompt attention shall be paid to all communications addressed to C. Butler Williams, Cincinnati, Ohio, or to the subscriber,
oct 11-6m* S. AUGUSTUS MITCHELL,
N. E. corner of Market and 7th streets, Philada.

☞ THE ONLY $2,00 MAGAZINE.
LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE, For 1846.
EDITED BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.
This Magazine presents stronger inducements than any other to subscribers. It is the only one now published for two dollars a year: yet the public press awards it the merit of being equal to the three dollar magazines. *The publisher is enabled to offer this reduced price, in consequence of the cash system to which he rigidly adheres.* In order to make it
THE BEST LADIES' MAGAZINE.
The improvements for 1846 will be of the most expensive and costly character. The Fashion Plates will be executed in a style of elegance never before attempted in this country. The January number will be a gem, rivalling the Annuals in splendor, if not in the number of its plates. Besides a superb MEZZOTINT, by Sartain, there will be an
ILLUMINATED TITLE PAGE,
After the style of the gorgeous manuscripts of the feudal ages. This elegant illustration is the first thing of the kind attempted for a magazine, either here or abroad; in this, as in other matters, we anticipate all others. It will be executed in FIVE COLORS, and be of rare and surpassing beauty. This embellishment alone will be worth half a year's subscription.
THE WASHINGTON FAMILY.
The February number will contain two superb Mezzotints; and, either in that number, or in one immediately after, will appear a Mezzotint of the Washington Family. To possess this picture, ought to be a sufficient inducement for every patriotic American to subscribe. In a word, we shall take our readers by surprise, next year, with the beauty, costliness, and utility of our illustrations.
SARTAIN'S GLORIOUS MEZZOTINTS.
The Mezzotint style of engraving will be the principal one employed by us for 1846. We have made such arrangements that no other magazine can rival us in this department. We have excelled all others in the number and splendor of our Mezzotints for 1845; but we shall do far greater things in 1846. Besides a series of Mezzotints, we shall give
LINE AND STIPPLE ENGRAVINGS,
SCRIPTURAL ILLUSTRATIONS,
A GALLERY OF BEAUTY,
A PORTRAIT OF MRS. STEPHENS, &c.
In its Literary Department this Magazine gives ORIGINAL articles, unlike the namby-pamby catch pennies which copy old stories from newspapers. All the best female writers of America contribute to its pages. Our Editor is Mrs. ANN S. STEPHENS, the Female Scott of America! She is assisted by Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, Mrs. Osgood, Ellet, Dinnies, Peirson, Orne, and by the unrivalled author of "Conquest and Self-Conquest," and by others.
THE BEST WRITERS OF BOTH SEXES
Contribute to the variety of its pages. Our Domestic Stories, by Ellen Ashton, F. E. F., and others, inculcating useful morals, which have been so popular, will be continued. As a proof of the superior character of our literary contents, we may mention the fact, that more articles are copied from us by the Press, than from any other magazine. This is because no other periodical is so exclusively a mirror of woman's mind, or so thoroughly devoted to her tastes or interests.
FASHIONS FROM PARIS.
This Magazine has long retained the reputation of giving the most correct Fashions, accompanied by full letter-press descriptions; and this, to country subscribers especially, is a great desideratum. We get our Fashions in advance from Paris, so we can never be beaten in this department, but will always remain ahead! Each month, from a variety of patterns, the Fashions are selected, engraved, and colored for us, ahead of all rivals! To each plate is added a full letter-press description, besides information on all the latest styles. This Magazine has now become, in our Eastern cities, the Text-Book of Fashion.
THE HOME DEPATRMENT.
To render our periodical a FAMILY Magazine, as well as a lady's book, we give, every month, New Receipts for Housewives, Patterns for Embroidery, Lace Work, &c., &c., thus making a sort of Vade Mecum, indispensable to every female, but especially to those in the country, who would learn the latest improvements in the city.
A USEFUL HINT.
All the other magazines are merely intended for amusement. THEY HAVE NO HIGHER PLAN IN VIEW. This one, on the contrary, supplies a want long felt, for it gives the sex, monthly, the Latest Fashions, the Newest Receipts, the City Chit-Chat, and every New Improvement. This it does, alike to the lady in the Atlantic States and the one in the Far West, and on the same day of the month!
THE TERMS.
By a rigid adherence to the Cash System, we are enabled to publish this Magazine at the lowest rates compatible with merit, viz: TWO DOLLARS A YEAR. To induce large numbers to subscribe in the same neighborhood, we offer the following inducements to Clubs:
3 copies, $5,00 | 7 copies, $10,00
5 copies, 7,50 | 16 copies, 20,00
PREMIUMS.
To repay persons for getting up Clubs, we offer the following premiums: For each club of three, or a club of five, our "ANNUAL WITH WASHINGTON'S PORTRAIT IN IT." For a club of seven, or for a club of sixteen, either the Annual or an extra copy of the Magazine. A specimen number sent, when desired.—Address, post paid,
CHARLES J. PETERSON,
No. 98 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.
☞ When money is remitted by a draft on the Philadelphia Post Office, a notice to the P. M. *here*, as well as a draft to us, must be furnished.

ALL PERSONS INDEBTED TO THE SUBSCRIBER are requested to pay off before the first of January, 1846, to the subscriber or his authorised agent, H. C. EYER, Esq., Selinsgrove, Union county, Pa.
Decatur, Macon Co., Illinois, Nov. 20th, 1845.
dec 6-3t* JOHN EKEL.

SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA
FOR THE REMOVAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF ALL DISEASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD, OR HABIT OF THE SYSTEM.
IF WE READ THE HISTORY OF DISORDERS we are astonished that men live; if of CURES, we are still more astonished that they die. And yet in fact nearly all diseases have a common origin, viz:—in the organs which prepare and modify the blood, with a remedy, directed to the seat of disease, will remove a host of its phenomena. It is the peculiar characteristic of Sands' Sarsaparilla, that its searching operation reaches the CAUSE of disease, and the cures it performs are therefore radical and thorough. The health of the human system depends almost entire upon the state of the blood. If the vitalizing fluid which pervades every tissue, every membrane, fibre, filament, gland, or other organ primary or subsidiary; if the body be charged with the elements of disease, sickness must be the consequence, and until the CAUSES of disease existing in the blood, are eradicated, no permanent relief can be expected. It is here that the powerful health restoring properties of Sands' Sarsaparilla are manifested; and for this reason, in Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and all eruptive diseases, as well as in all derangements of the secreting organs, it is considered infallible.
The following extract from a letter just come to hand will be read with interest. The writer, Mr. Almy, is a gentleman of the first respectability, Justice of the Peace, &c. The patient suffered for years with Fever Sores on his legs, and could find no relief until he used Sands' Sarsaparilla. Mr. Almy, writing at the request, and on behalf of the patient, Jonathan Harris, says:
BROOKLYN, Conn., July 10, 1844.
GENTLEMEN: It has once more become my duty to communicate to you the situation of Mr. Harris, and you may rely upon it I do so with the utmost pleasure. Mr. Harris says, that four of his sores are entirely healed up, and the remainder are fast doing so. He further says he has no pain in the affected limb whatever; that his sleep is of the most refreshing nature, and his health in every respect very much improved; so visible is the change, that all who see him exclaim "What a change!" and earnestly inquire what he has been doing? He has gained in flesh very much, and is able to work at his trade, (which is that of a shoemaker) without any inconvenience. This is the substance of the narrative; but the picture I cannot in any way here do justice. The manner, the gratitude, the faith, and the exhilarating effect upon his spirits, you can but faintly imagine. He requests me to say he will come on and see you as surely as he lives. May God continue to bless your endeavors to alleviate the miseries of the human family, is the fervent prayer of your sincere friend,
HUMPHREY ALMY, Justice of the Peace.
For further particulars and conclusive evidence of its superior value and efficacy, see pamphlets, which may be obtained of agents gratis.
Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists 79 Fulton St., N. York. Agents in Philadelphia, S. P. Thomson, corner of 5th and Spruce sts., and Dr. D. Jayne, 8 South Third street.
Sold also by Druggists generally throughout the United States. Price $1 per bottle; six bottles for $5.
☞ The public are respectfully requested to remember that it is Sands' Sarsaparilla that has and is constantly achieving such remarkable cures of the most difficult class of diseases to which the human frame is subject—therefore ask for Sands' Sarsaparilla, and take no other.

CHEAP WATCHES AND JEWELRY.
Persons wishing to purchase good Watches or Jewelry very cheap, will find it to their advantage to call at the "Philadelphia Watch and Jewelry store," No. 96 north Second street, corner of Quarry, below Race.
Gold Lever Watches, full Jewelled, 18 carat cases, $45,00
Silver Lever Watches, full Jewelled, 23,00
Silver Lever Watches, seven Jewels, 18,00
Superior Quartier Watches, 10,00
Ladies' Gold Pencils, 2,00
Fine Silver Spectacles, 1,75
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Gold Finger Rings, 37½ cts. to $3, Watch Glasses, plain 12½, patent 18¾, lunet 25 cts. Other articles in proportion. All goods warranted to be what they are sold for.
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All kinds of good Watches and Jewelry cleaned and Repaired in the best manner by experienced workmen. The Watches repaired at this establishment are warranted to perform well. sep 13-6m*

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AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE, ART AND FASHION.
GRAHAM'S LADY'S AND GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.
THE PROSPECTUS FOR 1846.
Regular Contributors.
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[illegible]

DOES NOT COMMON SENSE TEACH US that EXPECTORATION is the most NATURAL as well as the most EFFECTUAL agent in arresting and curing PULMONARY DISEASES.
[illegible]

CHEAP LEATHER STORE, NO. 87 CHESNUT Street, between SECOND and THIRD Sts. Philadelphia.
[illegible]
ANDREW H. CHAMBERS.

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Selected Poetry.

LINES,

Suggested by Daniel's Picture of Napoleon during his Stay, under sketchy before the Battle of Waterloo.

Soul softly—for the very room,
The sanctity chamber of His rest,
Impress a gasping awe and gloom
Upon the most intruder's breast—
Here, hand and look!—let breathe not, lest
They grasp maternal breath elsewhere
Should wake that eye's immortal there,
That, like the Last Archangel's gaze,
Might search them into stone!

He sleeps, while Earth around him reels,
And Mankind's million hosts rumble
Against the empire sword which seals
Their fate from Legislated to the Last—
While, like a giant roused from war,
Crime Europe, sighing, switches him,
The Warrior-Lord of Lodi's field—
Ore Jena's rout who shook his shield—
Is hush'd to slumber fast!

He sleeps! The Thunderer of the World
For once hath wearied, slept the best,
Whose strokes split empire with a word
And lost'd'd people-mantled Dis!.
Mid leaves, reds, and swell!
Lo, lull'd like baby by no nurse,
The Imperial Eagle finds his wing
Quiescent, whose awaking spring
Shall shake the universe!

He sleeps! and silence lends that tone
Which shift the Alps' eternal walls,
And bridges his pathway to a throne
Above the a valanche's halls.
Hark! how that victor voice speaks
Pale Austria's battle-line, whose fire
He crush'd game Nature's bare asunder,
And unconquer'd, in flame and wonder,
Upon Marengo flow!

He sleeps and dreams—oh, for the scene
Of some sublime dream! what power
Where stupor the fierce intelligence
Which smaught the human sketch he wakes!
Is the Emperoun dash a go?
And would an orbit sublunar stress
To grasp the balance of the skies,
And symmon, suns, and stars compress
In one tremendous ball?

He dreams and smiles! The Conqueror's brow,
Gigh'd with the Victor's mighty pride,
Lowin proudly calm and placid now.
As if young EMPIRE never died!
As if—Conscript Memorials!
The rush of Banished's stream,—
His hosts ingloss' Russia's grave,
And ice Russia's forest-snows,
Are loved not in the dream!

The plan and pencil in his hand
Have drawn'd, as though their effort fail'd
To draught the crimson sketch he wake'd!
Is Paris's vast volcano seven-and-fi—
But earth shall see the rage reveal'd,
And hear in fiery purport too,
Until her convulsed lip's heart stops—
And, carnage-dripped, thy sickle drops
Outmown, red Warrior!

He dreams and he smiles! The Conqueror's brow,
Unaegen Fortune's crowned had—
And France, exulting France, has now
Through all her hostess, trumpeters'd
He leads it not—some vision'd word
Hath shown him Ocean's diffent wave
Thundering the mural of his story,
And selling tenth-line on his glory,
Record St. Helena's grave.

Away, bright Picture! tell thy form,
Self-scribed Philosophy;
Whose really, mourning tongue would answer,
That time-cell'd Sphinx cannot be
From crowned Care one moment free,—
Tell him the life-entering sigh,
Napoleon's sleeping hour surveyed,
And with one deathless glance hath made
Immortal new for fate!

An Indian Story.

THE CREEK MAIDEN'S REVENGE

BY MISS C. W. BARBER.

—"There's a story in every breeze,
And a picture on every wave."

Where the tall cedar lifts its feathery boughs, and the magnolia leaves shine closer in the setting sun, on the banks of the Chattahoochee, there lived in 1814, an Indian maiden and her name was Nacoochee. She was considered the beauty of her tribe, and the young warriors called her "the Red Rose." Her form looks the bruised arbor's branches when she leaned from the white maidens of an adjoining settlement, and bound them with the wild flowers that formed the rich hunting grounds of Alabama and the groves of their fathers.

Among the Chiefs of her tribe was one known by the name of "Young Eagle Eye," so appellation he had won by bringing the eagle to his arrow from its flight in the sky. He saw and loved the Red Rose, and sought to win her for his own. He brought to her offerings of venison, and skins of bear—he plucked the purest feathers he could find, and brought curious bright tinted shells from the sea shore.

Among this rude measure were taken by the government of the United States relative to the removal of the Creek Nation of Indians, to Arkansas. A treaty was formed with the Indians at a grove every head of a family had a section of land on which to locate, and every young Indian and widow another of a section. These lands they were allowed to sell—thousands of their chiefs and younger people lands until 1836, the time of their removal, as they as those until the Indians left. But the Arkansas there were to remove and have behind them forever the rich hunting grounds of Alabama and the graves of their fathers.

In the year 1835, they resolved the eyes of Nacoochee's lover's father to set half fourteen with great and rage. He could not endure the idea of forsaking the land of his forefathers and their graves—and he went from the banks of the Chattahoochee—and the tribe of the Creeks—and the cornfields of his tribe—and his wife—and his children—and his home—and his heart hoped to be not with in peace, with his household by his side, but he was to wait a second hunting ground.

He met young Eagle Eye and upbraided him for the part he had acted in electing the treaty—he knew well that the Creek warriors were ready to fight and he—and how when I go back to the forest tepee, I want to be honored with my fathers and not be ashamed that the red man is a coward and has no courage. Our hunting grounds and graves are to be theirs and their pledges will done—and I will not be a coward. Here can you call me to divide my fathers, or enable the pipe of peace with my enemies who have done this. You would see daughter for your square, but this shall never be. The serpent shall not nestle with the Nacoochee shall cover be the square of the captive of her tribe."

In vain Eagle Eye sought to gain favor in the heart of Nacoochee—in vain he brought to her the finest furs, and moccasin and the feathers of her tribe. In vain young Eagle Eye flung from his arm the rich gold and wampum his Chanel about his elastic form, turned forever from the wigwam of Kenoqua.

Among those who came to trade with the Creeks and purchase their lands was a white by the name of James. He was a dashing young white man and one was gained—he cared not how it was obtained. He was the beautiful fields of Kenoqua and wanted to possess them. To gain he would to buy them—a tempting display of beads and trinkets. The power of Kenoqua to all his overtures was—these goods are none—but they shall be for gold—and for white man. Here will Kenoqua and the Red Rose be united. Rose turned his attentions to Nacoochee, and had a daily visit to the wigwam of Kenoqua and his daughter. He put on his most winning address and strove by every means in his power to insure—he succeeded into her affections. He no longer sought to purchase their lands, but mingled with them under the pretext of their people. These hunting grounds are yours, said he—and you should possess them. The white men have come and in attempting to drive them away—but I will be their friend in the house of her fathers. He brought her baskets of silver and endowed with her wigwam. I will marry you, said he, and build a wigwam like the white men's, and love you shall stay. You shall never go to Arkansas, these hunting grounds shall be preserved, and your father's home shall be with you."

The conquering old man, and ignorant maiden listened to the flattering tale and liked it well. Nacoochee became the bride of her white lover, but Kenoqua gave to him his beautiful lands. No never was he fully in possession of these, than the black-guns of his treacher began to appear. He spurned Nacoochee like a viper from his bosom—sold the land and absconded with the money. Kenoqua and his daughter found, that instead of a noble and white man's, they had been most cruelly wronged, and now must be driven away. So to Kenoqua, he said but little. He bid denial by the door of his wigwam, rested his head upon his hand, and left the arrow and tomahawk to hang uselessly by his side. No tear nor remorse, lay in his path, and his Indian neighbors said, "the white man has wronged him too much—Kenoqua will die."

But the spirit of that Indian girl was crossed with in her, and she vowed revenge. Her eye flashed in wrath, and she thirsted for the blood of the deceiver.

One evening when Kenoqui had laid himself upon his blanket by the fire, and was half buried in an easy slumber, she stole to his side and took the tomahawk from his girdle. Alone she went out beneath the quiet moon, and taking a few pathfinder and used her war. She heard around her the wild beasts of the night, but her eye quailed not. Her heart was strong in its revenge. Near and near might she passed near a white settlement. "The tiger has left his prey and returned to his den," she said, "but that shall wait him not. Nacoochee lurks in his path, and will yet have his blood."

She heard near her a slight noise of some one turning over in slumber. She looked and not far off lay the object of her pursuit. He was wrapped in his blanket heavily, and his rifle and hunting knife were by his side. With a half maniac shriek, Nacoochee sprung upon her prey, and her tomahawk glistened for one moment in the moon light. The bloody scalp of her deceiver dripped red in her hand—"It is enough," she said, as she turned to depart. "Nacoochee can sleep in peace."

When she reached the wigwam again, the light of morning was breaking in the east. She entered the cabin, and sought to frame the old man her in their from his sleep with one hand, while in the other she held high the scalp of her victim. Her efforts were vain—Kenqui was a corpse. The soul of the deceived and deserter, had both passed on one night on to their fathers.

Nacoochee gazed wildly upon the night before her, and then wrapping the scalp in one corner of her blanket, went out into the lands of the Chattahoochee and perished in its waves.

The inquisitive traveller who chances to visit the Creek nation, will see here two graves with rude piles of stone upon them, within the shade of a tall cedar tree. There sleeps Nacoochee and her father. The Creek nation has been removed—and the white man now point to those graves and repeat to each other the tale of the CREEK MAIDEN'S REVENGE.—*Franklin Democrat.*

Curious Scraps.

GREAT FIRES.

By reasoning to history, we find the GREAT FIRES of our country scarcely deserve the name, either as to duration or extent, in comparison of property destroyed in the destruction of human life. In the years 1631, 1666, 1794, and 1106, nearly the whole of the city of London was destroyed by fire. On the 10th July, 1213, the London bridge was burnt, and 2,000 persons perished. In the fall of September 1st, 1666, a few commenced near the monument, and continued four days and nights, spreading over 436 acres of ground, 400 streets, and consuming 13,200 houses and 88 churches. In 1676, this city was again threatened, for a time, with a similar fire, 100 houses being destroyed before the flames were arrested. The next large fire in London, occurred July 23 and 24, 1716, when about 700 houses were destroyed, including an East India warehouse, in which were 85,000 bags of saltpetre, but history knows of no lives lost by this fire.

On the 21st of March, 1824, a dreadful fire occurred at Cairo, Egypt, when 4,000 persons lost their lives by the explosion of the magazine—gunpowder, not saltpetre! In January, 1825, a great fire occurred in Carter, which consumed 1,000 houses and an immense quantity of hay.

On the 4th of September, 1778, a fire occurred in Constantinople, which consumed 2,000 houses. On the 22d of October 1783, another occurred in the same city, which consumed 40,000 dwellings and 10,000 shops, and destroyed millions of goldens. On the 20th of August, 1760, St. Petersburgh, in Russia, sustained great damage by fire, and on the 17th of November of the same year, 11,000 houses were destroyed by fire commemorated by lightning. On the 7th of June 1730, another fire occurred there destroying a large magazine of naval stores and 100 vessels.

Moscow in Russia, founded in 1147, was fired by the Tartars, in 1536, and almost entirely consumed. It was rebuilt, and in 1571 again laid in ashes by the Tartars. It was again rebuilt, and, in 1611, destroyed by the Poles. From that time, this city enjoyed uninterrupted prosperity up to the 14th of September, 1812, when Bonaparte entered it with his victorious army. It was then fired by the Russians, and consumed during several days. In assuming more than three quarters of the city property there twenty miles in circumference, compelling the Count, and several other nations to leave the city, without clothes, money or food, to the mercies of the army and the downfall of Bonaparte. Thirty thousand sick and wounded perished in the flames.

The GREAT CITY—London, upon an average for the last ten years, has paid annually $43,840,000 in taxes, for the support of the poor. The whole amount raised from that department. There are 2,000 merchants and bankers within half a mile of the Exchange, and their companies supply 300,000,000 hogsheads every year, and the gas company uses 10,000,000 cubic feet of gas every twenty-four hours. In 1835 there were 7,000,000 passengers by the 1,000 head of cattle, and 1,500,000 of sheep. The London newspapers consume 11,000,000 stamps annually. The steamboats carry 11,000,000 passengers every day. There are 10,000 miles of railroad, stretching from London into every part of the kingdom, completed at the expense of $250,000,000. The business of the London bankers alone, averages $5,000,000 every week in finance, and the interest produced that wonderful city, is not put down by McCulloch, nor the weight of human despair.

Choice Tales.

CROSSING THE MOUNTAINS.

When we crossed the Rocky Mountains, three or four weeks since, we secured an outside seat upon the coach. No. 320, Broadway, Leipsic Line. Way and Co. proprietors, and